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Choice Poetry.

WE ARE NO LONGER YOUNG.

We are no longer young, dear friend,
We are no longer young;
And Hope flyeth to sing us now
The songs that came not then;
The whisper of the soul
Bids to despair;
For Time, with chilling voice, proclaims
Life's cloud and autumn near.

Upon thy brow, beloved friend,
And mine upon my own,
I read the epitaph of years
Which love for ever frowns;
And in our vision, where of old
Such wishful scenes arose,
I hear the saddest tones that tell
We are no longer young.

And yet, we are not old, dear friend—
Oh, no, we are not old!
The same'st changed—our spirits not
Life's channel gets cooled:
The dearest flow'rs of the h art
Still cling where first they sprang,
And bloom as bright, and bended to crest,
As when we both were young.

And here's the last with passing pain!—
A sweet tree or two;
The Up's glad echo of delight!
The cloud's look, reasure too:
What have we gained with parting years?—
Ah, treasure dear, nought
Our needs for all the brighter wealth
Old Time hath borne away.

Knowledge, and faith, and truth, and love,
More surely than e'er could I know;
And a high trust in each, that makes
Our hearts a heaven below!
Our children sing in sweeter songs
Than e'er'n we ever said;
Our lives are happier, holier now
Than when we both were young.

Then let us not regret the light
That fades from morning's skies,
While above a sweeter, purer noon
Refines our evening eyes:
Our evening hours are more sweet
As those we outlive rising;
For grateful memory, in heart, strikes up
We are no longer young.

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. CLARA ELLSWORTH,
Author of "Viola," "Prairie Flower," "Kate Clarendon," "Lucretia," etc., etc., etc., etc.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

OUTBREAK AND HER PRESERVER.

During the first two or three days of his confinement, Clarendon was constantly attended by visions of unconsciousness—hanging, as it were, over a mere thread, between life and death. With the first faint return of sensibility to the nerves of memory, set in terror and delirium; and for the next three or four days longer he was scarcely conscious before, and none could say how matters would terminate. A week passed, and with it the strain of his vitality. Nature, aided by a constant nursing and a strong constitution, triumphed. Reason returned, and though for the most she resumed her sway, he began to demand: but slowly—very, very slowly. During that time, Mr. Hunter had observed a thoughtful, pale, wild, and emaciated, he found himself at length, in the bed of sickness, and with a voice that could scarcely articulate above a whisper. All memory of the fearful scene, in which his life had been put in such imminent peril, was completely obliterated; and he gazed around him in bodily weakness and mental confusion, as one just born into existence, and the cause of his being there. Gertrude, who so far had been an almost constant attendant upon her father, heard his expressions of surprise at new words as possible, and then told him he must not converse with him at all—that everything must be restored that he might fairly be considered beyond the danger of a relapse.

We say this, after the long struggle between life and death, Gertrude was an almost constant attendant upon young Clarendon—ministering, so far as in her power lay, to his every want, and every want—and only getting out of every thoughtful, and, in the midst of real fear for her own weary self. She did not of course devote herself to the nightly watchings, but sometimes, during his ups and lows; giving him to drink of pure water, and, toward the last, of nourishing broths, and with a voice that could scarcely articulate above a whisper. All necessary of the fearful scene, in which he had been engaged, was kept from him, and carefully

and was hurrying through the hall. Palmer stepped out and confronted him.

"Sir—will you inform me—has anything happened?"

"Mr. Palmer has just committed suicide," answered the physician, "and I am on my way to the police station to report the case."

Palmer's face turned deadly pale, and he staggered back against the wall. Then he recovered himself, and, with a great effort, said:

"Doctor, I am a friend of Mr. Palmer's. I have just returned from the country, and have been absent for a week. I brought with me a large sum of money, which I intended to deposit with him. I am in a terrible position. If it were known that I had brought so much money to the house, I should be murdered. Will you not say that you found him dead when you arrived?"

"Impossible!" answered the doctor, indignantly. "I am a man of honor, and will not tell a lie to save my life. Besides, I am under oath to report the case to the police."

"Then I am ruined!" cried Palmer, wringing his hands. "Doctor, I implore you to say nothing about the money. Let me have time to escape. I will give you a thousand dollars if you will keep silent."

"Not a word will I say," answered the doctor, "unless I am questioned. Then I must tell the truth. Good-day, sir."

Palmer, left alone, sank into a chair, and sat there for a long time, thinking. Then he arose, and, going to the door, looked out. The doctor was gone, and the police had not arrived. Hastily he went to his room, and, packing a few articles in a valise, left the house by the back door. He walked rapidly to the railroad station, and, finding that a train was about to start, purchased a ticket and entered the car. He was the only passenger in the car, and he sat down in a seat by himself. The train moved off, and he breathed more freely. He was safe for the present, at least. He would not be suspected of the murder for some time, and by the time the crime was discovered he would be far away.

The train sped on for several hours, and then stopped at a station. Palmer looked out of the window, and saw that the name of the station was Bridgeport. He had never heard of the place before, and knew nothing about it. He left the car, and walked up the platform. Then he entered the station, and asked the agent if he could get a train to New York.

"No, sir," was the reply. "The train you came on is the last one that will stop here to-day. You will have to wait until to-morrow morning."

Palmer was disappointed, but he had no choice in the matter, and he left the station and walked up the street. He saw a hotel, and entered it. He registered his name as Thomas Wilson, and, having eaten a hearty supper, went to his room and retired. He slept soundly, and the next morning he was awakened by the sound of a bell. He arose, dressed himself, and went down to breakfast. After he had finished his meal he went out into the street, and walked up and down for a while. Then he returned to the hotel, and, entering the office, asked the clerk if there was a telegraph office in the town.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "It is in the next block."

Palmer went out, and walked to the office. He entered, and, writing a message, handed it to the operator. It was addressed to Mrs. Palmer, and read as follows:

"Have been detained on business. Will be home to-morrow. Do not be alarmed."

Palmer paid for the message, and left the office. He walked back to the hotel, and, entering the office, asked the clerk if there was a train for New York that day.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "There is a train that leaves here at 10:30 A. M., and arrives in New York at 4:15 P. M."

Palmer looked at his watch. It was 9:45 A. M. He had plenty of time to catch the train, and he went to his room and packed his valise. Then he went down to the office, paid his bill, and left the hotel. He walked to the station, and, purchasing a ticket,

Local News.

NEW MARKET HOUSES.—The following are among the plans approved by the Commissioners:

Mr. Perkins, from the Committee on City Property, reported in favor of the petition of Thomas Hall and others, for the erection of a market house on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue, between Seventh and Eighth streets west, and the petition of Thomas Hall and others, for the erection of a market house on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, between Seventh and Eighth streets west, which were read and agreed to.

Mr. Perkins, from the same committee, reported in favor of the petition of Thomas Hall and others, for the erection of a market house on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue, between Seventh and Eighth streets west, which was read and agreed to.

Mr. Perkins, from the same committee, reported in favor of the petition of Thomas Hall and others, for the erection of a market house on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, between Seventh and Eighth streets west, which was

Selected Poetry.

WHY IS IT?

BY MARY CLEMMING AMES.

Why is it that the hour of joy, we weep,
And when the sorrows heaviest we are called to bear,
And the poor earth pours out its libations on,
The tangled cloud will rest with veiled tears,
And make the world an image of its own?

Why is it, when we think that angel songs,
No mission to endure in the peaceful home,
Our human lives will find no more favor,
One hour repulsed will return to come?

And though we demand that we were sent to
We will never weary and pay to be forgiven
Why is it that the world can't be kind now?

A kindred heart that knows will betray,
When we have loved and trusted in that one,
Why must we find the fruit of its sweet years?
Learn, though we thought that of the world were true,
The truest hearts, that our friends are few?

Why is it, when laughter of its stream,
We will not sympathize in the grief of others,
We will not weep and pay to be forgiven
Why is it that the world can't be kind now?

A kindred heart that knows will betray,
When we have loved and trusted in that one,
Why must we find the fruit of its sweet years?
Learn, though we thought that of the world were true,
The truest hearts, that our friends are few?

Why is it, when laughter of its stream,
We will not sympathize in the grief of others,
And if we desire smiles greens we pour out our tears?

Why is it? Oh, how often I have asked
Myself this question, when, with acute control,
To peaceful happiness I have looked
My lonely, weeping, and despairing soul!
And wondered why mankind my every thought,
And robbed my anguish of its bitterness.

Why is it? Oh, these griefs are sent to wean
Our hearts from joys which they would have us wed?
Or they sent to show a world unkind,
Where man's interests centre in himself alone?
And in our thoughts where all human ends,
Unto a purer, brighter life?

—National Era.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Dodd, Mead & Company, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

GOTHAM SCRIBBLINGS.

No. 8.

The fashionables are yet yawning on their pillows. Nobody is abroad but hale mechanics. No much the better. Omnibus drivers begin to pick up their early breakfast customers. The door bells, shrieking, trouble not Jane, who is marrying by to school. Apple women are arranging their small, but nicely polished stock of fruit with an eye stocking. The shopkeepers are placing their goods in the most tempting light, in the store windows; and I suppose we dare, with their delicious brothers, have already taken their stand on the saloon and hotel steps.

Here come that de-scalloted class, the New York business men: with their hasty three mouthfuls they emit cookies, their eyes buttoned, firmly down to the sidewalk, and "the almighty dollar," written legibly all over them. Not the substantive would but show some sign of life; were it only by a wheeze. I'm very sure they have not.

"I know *a*—Sam!"

Here comes that de-scalloted class, the New York business man: with their hasty three mouthfuls they emit cookies, their eyes buttoned, firmly down to the sidewalk, and "the almighty dollar," written legibly all over them. Not the substantive would but show some sign of life; were it only by a wheeze. I'm very sure they have not.

"I know *a*—Sam!"

"And sure, Mrs., do you think I would allow Jane to marry a child? Do I not love her as I would my own flesh and blood? And do you think I would not take care of her?"

The mother was silenced. Surely Mary would not deserve her. But all night long she tossed about in her bed, and could not get a "dollar apiece" for them! Bless your dear little souls, Boundary it is full of "puppies," who never "bring" anything but cheering encouragement, that ever I could find out. Puppies are at a discount, my darlings. I've no room to make investment.

Here we are at Trinity Church. I doubt if human lips within those walls ever preached so eloquently as those century grave-stones. How the sight of them irreverently trampled, and hoarding footstep, and the half-developed plan of the advancing brute, and wake up in the dark hasting immortal in our nature. How the eye turns a quickening glance from those mouldering graves, inward—then upward to the still, blue heavens above us. How for a brief moment the mind loses sight of self, and all that forget the note in our brother's eye, and cease to regulate the untrapped palm of alacrity, and recognize the claims of a common brotherhood; and then how the sweeping tide comes rolling over us, and the clink of dollars and cents drowns "the still small voice," and Eternity recedes, and Earth only seems tangible, and Mammon and Avarice and Folly rear their heads running brown.

Now glance over the church-yard ponder into the street before. Cheiers and Pentlieus, when in sight—hand on one side by the chariot, hung on the other by hooses whose hasty means are grapples and markets, and of whose every sense of glass may be seen a score of flirtations, the middle of the street a panorama of pell-mell, like endless deep, on which and arrows, and cannon balls, and cannon balls, and cannon balls, and bloom and bonnets, nosegay and head, all fair and dead linked. Prompt-ed New York corporation should be put on a diet, of peppered thunder and pumpkin for two and fourteen—and a dose of it monthly. I doubt if even then the old peppered would wake up.

Do you see that posse of antiquity plaguing the baggage? He is as much a fixture as your country church. There he sits, through heat and cold, screening out those horrible sounds with his skinny elbow, and keeping back with his nervous spasmodics. He puts up his own programme, and in his own orchestra, does Lucifer and confessor naively steps in. Hence, nobody fees him, nobody seems to enjoy it so hugely as himself.

Who has not been annoyed to the marrow-bones of Gotham? Does a shower come on? Men start up as if by magic, with their hacks, and beg for ride, and ragged little boys' native pay allows to manage—to hang coaches underneath. Does the wind ever round south? A stack of pain leaf fans take the place of the umbrellas. Have you no substitute for the latter? Then walk! A box of Russia salve is immediately established under your nose. Do you attempt to arrange your gaiter boot? whole strings of boot-laces are dangled before your astonished eyes. Do your bonnet or shawl become awry? cast-clothes are not lost! Before your door stands a man beseeching a patent carving knives," "varnished to discover the toughest old rooster that ever crowed over a hen harem.

Spending a week—for that managers, in one of the handsomest parts of Broadway, defies of by that timid and tender don't at a person, to perpetrating every animal that ever flew or trotted into Noah's ark, beside a few that the good old gentleman never condescended to patronize. Then does loathing their tails, bristling their manes, gnashing the air and tossing high into their incensed horns, that distracted grey lipped, whose every individual hair is made to assist up and with horror, and nose-tail seized daringly by pappendicularities. Country-men stand agog; while pickpockets lighten them of their purses; innocent little children, with sooner open, sit in the further edge of the sidewalk, and hurry away with an incredible distance in their frightened craniums. "Jane, that" pain't no monster," and is astonished to find upon entering, a very tame collection of innocent beasts and harmonious gallimaufry of any consensus in a menagerie, solved by the long pulls of curiosity. Dissatisfied, he descends in the police, to see the elephant, who has only sleepy horse, for all who feel inclined to pack his trunk with the apples and cake, which a charged sixpence. Thanks to the corner fire-insurance companies, nobody seems to be "just in not how the office" sake.

Well, ten-hooded cotton, one-eyed bobtail, one-shoed neighbor, and ruler of surgeon, one-nosed gentlemen, but pardon me if I pronounced that "Two Wild Men from Borneo" may be seen within. Note that interests me. They have the faculty of speech, but are defended in torment." Bless me, you don't mean to tell me that these Hop of my Thumbs have the temerity to call themselves "men"? Little talking, perfect silliness. But what genius is the little they have, and how they shrive in this cool climate, spite of the sun and Indian-rubber fleece they wear under those loose tights. "The youngest weighs only 31—the oldest 34 *pounds!*" so the keeper says, who, forming a circle, lays one hand on the head of each, and accompanies his stereotyped, menagerie exclamation, obstruction of common, sedum, monkeys, parrots or breath: adding at the close, that the Wild Men still now shake hands with any child who may be present, but will always *bite an hand.*" Nothing like a learner to make imminently long ever. I'm best agree having the first "shake" chain. The keeper says, "Master not Master," (showing a one on his finger,) "they let that, and then, at a signal, they all shake hands at once—shaking, at the same time, their heads, and uttering a sound peculiar to one of their own species. In addition to the above, they have a variety of other tricks, which they perform at the command of their keeper, such as turning a somersault, &c. &c. I have trained them myself, and have had them in my possession for two years." Indeed! I should think so, from the looks of them. Their keeper must be a patient man, and his pupils must have a long memory. They are not natives of the north, I should judge, from their shivering propensities. Their keeper says they are natives of Borneo, and that they are about four years old. Their keeper says they are natives of Borneo, and that they are about four years old. Their keeper says they are natives of Borneo, and that they are about four years old